

CABBAGES BANISH MONKEY MEAT IN FRONT LINE MESS

Doughboys Feast on New
England Boiled Dinner
from King's Garden

"CARDS" HELP YANKS FARM

American Women Show Wounded
How to Plant Kohlrabi and
Leeks at Versailles

Up beyond Chateau-Thierry where the doughboys had been walloping the Hohenzollern household guards on a diet of monkey meat and canned willy, alias wild cat and buzzard, something important happened the other day.

About the time they began handing out decorations on the strength of those same walloppings, a caravan of canny-colored motor trucks swung into the back areas with one day monkey meat, canned willy, wild cat and buzzard all vanished from the doughboys' messes and they started serving New England boiled dinners. Great kettles full of boiled cabbage, with cauliflower, string beans, and meaty potatoes, took the place of the monkey meat.

If the Levantine, loaded with watermelons, had suddenly docked at a stevedore's camp, it couldn't have produced any more jubilation than the cabbage dinners brought northeast of Chateau-Thierry.

That was a great day because it marked the fulfillment of the self-feeding hopes of the American Army in France—at least, as far as fresh vegetables go. All those cabbages, beans, potatoes and cauliflower had been planted by doughboys, tended by doughboys, harvested by doughboys and hauled to the front by doughboys. And it had all been done in France.

Doughboy Farmers Cheer Up

About a day after the cabbages had appeared at Chateau-Thierry, there was more jubilation, this time far back from the front lines, at the big war gardens where several hundred doughboys, convalescing from wounds or sickness, have been working. They had been because they had been compelled to exchange rifles for rakes. They hadn't realized they were any longer a part of the war until the captain came back from that first trip to the front with garden truck and in a speech told them what their comrades thought about it.

All this is one way of saying that the first war gardens of the American Army in France, blessed by a professor of botany of Chicago University and a rancher from North Dakota, have made good.

Hundreds of acres of A.E.F. gardens are almost in sight of Paris. The old hunting grounds of Louis XIV. at Versailles are now split up into fields of onions and carrots, peas and beans, and everything else that grows on stalks and vines to be eaten. Kings have given away to cabbages, and doughboys rumble about where royal courtesans once exercised their charms and made their last gasp.

The war gardens are only beginning to take on the vastness which will ultimately be theirs. There is one barracks colony on a sunshiny hill that looks away toward the palaces, and clattering hammers are clothing the skeletons of other barracks on a slope about a mile away. In one corner of the farm an old farmhouse has been turned into a living quarters.

These gardens manned by wounded Americans are to be the center of other military gardens. They will largely provide the seedling plants for the gardens being established have already done it for some.

The Versailles garden will take no chances on France's variable rainfall. An irrigation system will see that there is always water for the fields. Drought is a real danger, in spite of what American soldiers may think of the climate.

Woman "Cards" Are Teachers

Heaven and Eden would make better post office addresses for the garden than the stilted A.P.O. stuff, the doughboys say. To make the Eden part of it real, there are now American women at the gardens, devoting the highest technical skill to the task of helping feed the American Army.

You probably remember reading of the group of women that Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the late J. P. Morgan, was sending to France to help re-establish the villages and orchards of Picardy. About the time these women were ready to take up that work, the Germans were back on the job of devastation. So Miss Morgan's group, headed by Miss Mary Rutherford Jay—many of the wonderful gardens on the big Long Island estates are her work—offered to throw its energy into the war garden task at Versailles.

Six of the women are now at Versailles. They live in a villa in the town, and each day they come out to the gardens and work side by side with the doughboys. The soldier gardeners will tell you these women have become their big sisters, and share with them their troubles, encourage them to keep their fingers home, and keep them from discouragement when wounds and lingering ailments harass them.

The women workers call themselves the "Cards" from the initials of their organization which they wear on their shoulders. The letters standing for Comité American Relations Desarmées. Their uniform is of half-tan, half-blue, rough canvas material, with high skirt over spiral puttees, and with just the kind of a sun-shading hat you'd expect a farmette to wear.

Woman Boss of Cabbage Patch

Two of the Cards just now are setting out a big field of late-growing cabbages, planting the seeds in shallow furrows along lines stretched to keep the rows evenly spaced. Another takes her turn behind a pair of big farm horses hitched to a spring-tooth harrow while she shows a dozen Belgian refugees, men and women, how the carrots ought to be planted so they will grow just right for this winter's company messes.

Private Henry P. Hunt, of Portland, Ore., who learned something of gardening in peace time back on the Regular Army posts of the West, leaned on his hoe as he looked thoughtfully over the fields where a skilful line of clever allied new Army men were advancing with projectors—arsenate of lead, no liquid fire—on the strongly held positions of the striped lettuce beetle.

"You can pass the word along to the boys that we're sure going to give 'em good chow," he said. "We're growing everything here from haricots to leeks, kohlrabi to squash. And I'll be light on the gold-fish and heavy on the squids and carrots this winter."

JUST PLAYBOY DOUGHBOYS



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ALONG THE LINE

A Yank detachment fighting on the Somme had just returned, reporting the capture of four German guns, which were on their way back. The Australians were full of congratulations, mixed with a small dash of natural envy, when a few minutes later an Australian battery rode up drawing its guns with a complete outfit of German horses, their own horses drawing the German guns in the rear. Then everybody shook hands and called it a draw.

The Engineers long since found out that the shovel is one of the prize instruments of war.

During the advance to the Vesle, one of the young American Engineers, who had been hurt at it, was seen trudging along with both rifle and shovel. Being a bit fagged, he stopped for a moment, undecided which part of his equipment he would drop in the forward push.

He dropped the shovel, went on about ten yards, and then was suddenly seen to turn and come back for his prize possession. When last seen he was carrying both rifle and shovel, but if the choice had to be made again it was easy to see that the rifle would have to go.

One member of an American company developed into such a keen souvenir hunter that his mates finally called a halt. He had gathered in a German helmet, a machine gun belt and several other odds and ends, frequently crawling out under fire to make his haul. Then, one day, he crawled out and upon returning carefully deposited a German dud in the trench. That was a trifle too much for the rest of the outfit. They made him crawl back with his prize, and on his return trip he was slightly wounded. Now his craze for souvenirs is said to be eternally speckled.

A wounded doughboy was brought into a field dressing station. The surgeon saw that one leg was badly shot up and said:

"Well, it's a pretty tough one, but we'll have you back in a few weeks."

"You're wrong there, Major," replied the wounded man. "You haven't seen this hole through my chest yet. I'll be gone before night, but the only kick I've got is that I won't be able to get back and help finish up the job."

There is one private with the Am. Tn. who will have to expect a new nose kit. But he will be more than glad to have the change.

A German battery, at odd intervals, had been conducting a searching or harassing fire around the Vesle, but no shells had fallen for half an hour when the Ammunition boys lined up for supplies. Suddenly, a volley cracked out and shrapnel began to spatter about.

Not a man was hit, but the private in question had the queer sensation of seeing his mess kit blown out of his hands and badly wrecked, without even getting his hand scratched.

"That's close enough," said a mate, standing near by.

"It's closer than that," was the private's only comment.

One battery commander had had his battery in action over a long stretch without a serious casualty. A few days ago, a German gun secured a direct hit upon one of the field pieces, but the hit developed in such a way that the field piece was able to continue its return fire within less than five minutes.

"He'll be the man that either kills or captures the Kaiser," said a lieutenant.

About 10 o'clock on the morning of the brigade's arrival at a beautiful little town that looked, under the morning summer sun, as if it might be a million miles from the battle front, the peaceful scene was accentuated by two boyish privates of Squad 17 size, obviously strays from their company, at the side of the street just around the corner from headquarters.

One was sleeping, as only a soldier who has seen five days of battle can sleep, his head dangling carelessly over a mud-stained pack. The other had one shoe off, and was regarding ruefully, but rather listlessly, his capitol wound of battle, a blistered foot. Before them, as conspicuous as the top sergeant at morning roll-call, stood, in its labeled and tumbled glory, an empty champagne bottle. Every rank from sergeant to brigadier-general passed them, tried to look shocked, and failed.

By-and-by the second private stretched his foot over the curb and went to sleep too. It wasn't until afternoon that a non-com, rounding up stragglers, awoke them.

"Where did you get that champagne?" asked the non-com (with motives beyond question).

"Well," explained the smaller of the pair, "we hadn't had anything to eat but iron rations for five days, and not much of that, then we lost our outfit, and when we landed here we started out to buy something. The only thing for sale in the whole town was a bottle of champagne, so we bought that."

FRITZ'S SHELL CAN'T ROB DRIVER OF HIT

Big Ones Bust in Outfield,
But Transport Man
Doubles to Right

"You don't hear so much about these motor transport drivers," said the captain, "but don't forget they are part of the big job, and a big part. And don't forget they have dangerous work to do."

"The supplies have got to go forward, whatever the conditions, and I have never had a man yet show any inclination to shirk or dodge or complain when he had to go under heavy fire and deliver his supplies."

"I'll give you an example of their spirit. After a recent hard push we had an afternoon off, so the men arranged a ball game just back of the front with a rival outfit. They had played about two innings when this kid here, pointing to a young driver standing by, came up to him. Then the fun started."

"Two big German shells hit in the outfield. The rival pitcher turned around to see what the trouble was. Another shell fell just back of second base. Once more the pitcher halfway turned, when the kid at bat called out, 'What the hell's come on and stick it over.' The pitcher stuck one over and the kid cracked out a double to right. 'Easy work? Would you care to count the machine gun and bullet holes in this ambulance?'"

"That count was made and the result showed exactly 22 holes through various parts of the big frame. 'That's the way it goes,' the captain continued. 'Seventy-three through this one, and many others about the same. But with the work done, when you'd think they were all in after 25 or 35 hours of almost endless going, give 'em a ball game and they'll still come on strong to forget a volley of German shells with 'Stick it over, kid, stick it over.'"

CHOW

REVERIES OF A CANNONEER

Could it ever have been, I wonder, That the barking guns were still? That no one could hear their thunder Rolling from plain to hill? That a man might sleep in the morning, Sleep with his dreams set free From the endless flash where the H.E.s crash.

With never a reveille? Was there ever a life behind us, A life that we knew before? With never a shell to find us, Crouching in mud and gore? With never a rail to bury, As part of the bitter test? With never the cry of a last goodbye From a mate who is starting west?

Well, there's a dream behind us, And a life that is out ahead, With never a shell to blind us, Far from the sleeping dead; Yes, there's a happy morning Over the waiting foam, When the game is won and we've licked the Hun, And the good ship pours back home.

So far they have only fought this war under and on the sea, under and on the land and up in the air. Can any one think of a new location to extend hostilities?

"Those boxers or fighters back home who have failed to enter the service are going to have a hard time carrying the old trade mark forward when the war is over. Explaining that you were a 'snitcher' when you never had on khaki will call for one of the most agile brains of the decade."

"We've had to come 17,000 miles to get in this fight," remarked an Australian. "We haven't had to come that far," remarked an American, "but it's just as hard to swim the Atlantic as it is the Pacific."

ANTI SUFFRAGISTS FIND NEW ARGUMENT

Jersey Senator Tells President
Issue Doesn't
Affect War

POLITICIANS ARE WORRIED

Long Island Male's Petition
Thrown Out by Cleverness of
Woman Candidate

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]
AMERICA, Aug. 22.—Senator Baird of New Jersey has gallantly nailed the flag to the mast and, in reply to the President's letter asking him to vote for the national woman suffrage amendment, declines to regard this measure as affecting the conduct of the war, saying:

"Would it not be better to leave the settlement of this extraneous question to calm and clear minds when the war is over?"

Anti suffrage newspapers and speakers warmly approve this argument and solemnly warn the country against a controversy and division at this time. They have practically dropped all other familiar arguments in favor of this one.

Senator Baird's attitude will doubtless waken a nice little storm center, as Governor Edge is fighting for the Republican nomination for the United States Senate to succeed Baird.

Women Want Plain Answers

There are several other Republican candidates in the field and they will all have to show their hands, for the women of the whole country have gotten down to mighty definite business. They are not content with noble general sentiments, choicely expressed in platforms, but insist that candidates answer categorical questions in short English words. Many of our best politicians consider this as almost unconstitutional cruelty.

Altogether, this woman suffrage amendment is causing suffering to politicians in pants. A trusting and guileless life-long male politician of Long Island has just been sunk without warning by an amateur woman opponent for the New York State Assembly nomination. She found out that he had made a least mistake in his nominating petition, so she saved wood until time for the filing of the petitions was up. Then she brought suit, his petition was thrown out and she was left the sole candidate.

Things like this convince the politicians that woman suffrage will inevitably push our poor old country over the brink of disaster.

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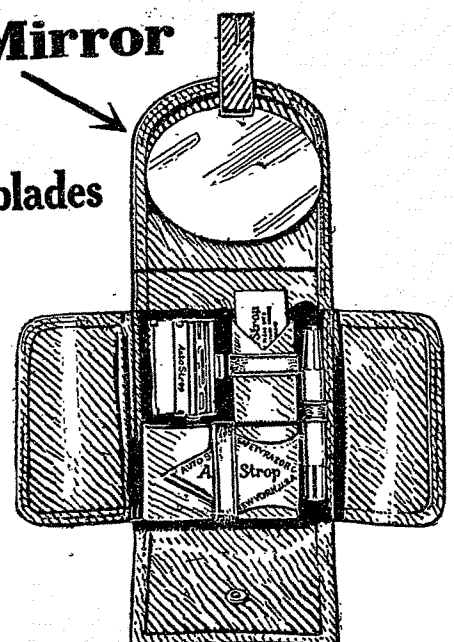
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